But smothred it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this sore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancoly flood,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greete my stranger soule,
Was my great Father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periury
Can this darke monarchie afford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanisht: Then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he squeakt out aloud
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd *Clarence*?
That stabd me in the field at *Tewxbury*:
Seaze one him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule feinds
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.
Brok. No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promise you I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O *Brokenbury*, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For *Edwards* sake and see how he requites me:
I pray thee gentile keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy and I faine would sleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howres
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their title for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imaginations,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's

There's nothing differs but
The mur
In Gods name what are you
Exe. I would speake wit
Bro. Yea, are ye so briefe
2. *Exe.* O sir, it is bette
Shew him your Commissio
Bro. I am in this comman
the noble Duke of *Clarence*
I will not reason what is me
Because I will be guiltlesse o
Heere are the keyes, there
Ile to his maiesty and certifi
That thus I haue resignd m
Exe. Do so it is apoynt o
2. What shall we stab him
1. Noe then he will say tw
When he wakes.
2. When he wakes,
Why foole he shall neuer w
1. Why then he will say
2. The vrging of that wor
A kinde of remorse in me.
1. What art afraid?
2. Not to kill him hauing
For killing him, from whic
1. Backe to the Duke of
2, I pray thee stay a whil
Change, twas wont to hold
1. How doest thou feele
2. Faith some certaine dr
1. Remember our reward
2. Zounds he dies, I had
1. Where is thy confienc
2. In the Duke of *Gloces*
1. So when he opens his
Thy conscience flies out.
2. Let it goe ther's few o
1. How if it come to thee

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